

Stick's Adventure



Brothers Whim

Spencer Hanson

Randy Hanson

Daniel Peckham

Brothers Whim

A Brothers Whim Storybook Workshop Production

First Edition



May 2014

This book is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike license. In other words, you are free to reuse, revise, remix, and redistribute it anyway you like! Please mention our name where you think credit is due, and make your derivative works similarly available to others.

Life is better when ideas are shared.

To all of us who might forget
that life's greatest moments happen along the way.





Stick's adventure was here, it had come now at last.
She put on her boots and hurried up fast.

The comforts of home were lovely and nice,
but giving up those was a fair enough price.



She had places to go and people to greet,
marvels to see and adventures to meet.



Stick had her dreams planned. She would be a big star.
Her singing would dazzle from near and from far.





She would live in a villa right there on the lake,
and grow beautiful flowers in a garden she'd make.

She'd buy elegant hats from all over the world,
adorned in bright feathers, and ribbons, and curls.





She'd vacation afar on a beautiful beach,
and soak in the sound of the waves on her feet.

Those were her dreams.
She was now on her way.





She crossed canyons



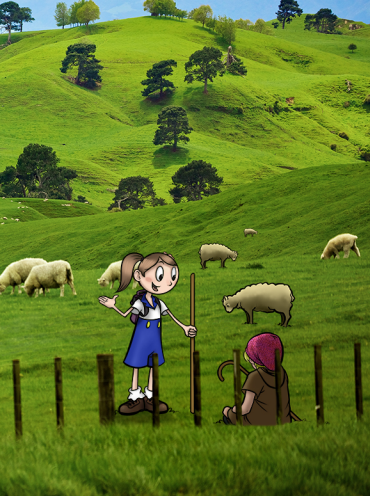
and forests

by night



and by day.





Stick moved right along
'till a sound caught her ear.
A sniffle and sob
from the fence over there.

"Hello there, dear friend.
Now, why are you sad?
Perhaps I can help you
again to feel glad."

"One of my sheep
is gone from my fold,
and to me my dear sheep
are more precious than gold."

"Do not fret there, dear friend,
now lift up your crook.
I'll sing us a song
and together we'll look."

Stick's voice rang out loud,
so sweet and so clear.
Soon Betsy was found,
there was nothing to fear.





A moment of silence passed between friends,
without the right words to express where they'd been.

Sally took off her hat, which she knitted by hand,
and placed it on Stick, where it sparkled more grand.

With a wave and a hug, Stick left for her goals.
She crossed valleys of amber.



and mountains of gold.



A cartoon illustration of a young girl with a pink hat, a purple backpack, and blue pants, walking across a rocky waterfall. She is holding a long wooden stick. The waterfall is surrounded by lush green and yellow autumn foliage. The water flows over dark, mossy rocks. In the background, a river flows through a forest with more autumn trees under a cloudy sky.

She skipped through and past
the rivers and creeks

loving the sounds
of the streams on her feet.



At last she arrived for her singing debut.
Her audience loved her and all she could do.



She bought her nice villa right there on the lake,
and grew beautiful flowers in the garden she made.

She bought elegant hats
from all over the world.
adorned in bright feathers,
and ribbons, and curls.



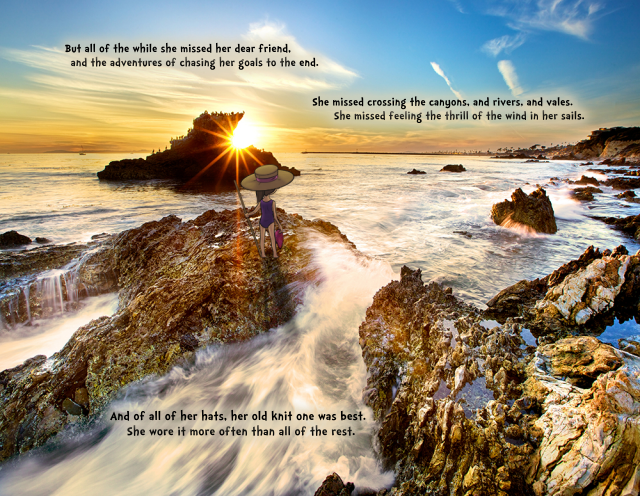
She vacationed afar to a tropical beach,
and soaked in the sounds of the waves on her feet.



But all of the while she missed her dear friend,
and the adventures of chasing her goals to the end.

She missed crossing the canyons, and rivers, and vales.
She missed feeling the thrill of the wind in her sails.

And of all of her hats, her old knit one was best.
She wore it more often than all of the rest.



Just then an epiphany struck!
She need not stay here as if she were stuck!





Stick's adventure was here,
it had come now at last
She threw on her boots
and hurried up fast.

The comforts of home
were lovely and nice,
but giving up those
was a fair enough price.

She had places to go,
and people to greet,
marvels to see,
and adventures to meet.



So off on her journey she went!

The End



Brothers
Whim

We hope you enjoy free digital versions of all our books
available at brotherswhim.com



About the Author

Twitter: @Spencer_Hanson
spencer@brotherswhim.com

I graduated from BYU Provo in 2007 and started my first job as a mechanical engineer designing printers for Hewlett-Packard in San Diego, CA. I'm a creator at heart, so engineering was a good fit.

My beautiful boys, Zack and Austin, were born in 2007 and 2009. When Austin turned 2, I began telling bedtime stories, which quickly became the preferred bedtime ritual over reading books. I asked my artistic brother, Randy, to illustrate a couple of our first characters, thinking it would be fun to see them come to life visually. The **boys loved it and so did I.**

In the excitement of developing my first stories, I called up my brothers and cousin and asked them about working together to openly publish stories that would inspire our children. Brothers Whim Storybook Workshop was born.



About the Illustrator

Randy Hanson
randy@brotherswhim.com

For whatever reason, I love drawing and jumping. If it's cool, I want to draw it. If it's dangerous, I want to jump it.

For as long as I can remember, my dream job has been animation. My favorite movies were always the Disney Platinum DVDs with the special features. I'd re-watch those until I had them memorized. The classic greats like Fred Moore, Frank Thomas, and Ollie Johnston inspired me to hours of classroom doodles.

Unfortunately, I let life intimidate me away from my dream of becoming an illustrator. But now, after years of tinkering around with different classes and majors, I'm finally chasing my dream and going after a degree in illustration. Working on Brothers Whim with my brothers reminded me how much I love it, and gave me hope that it just **might work out. I would love doing this for the rest of my life!**



About the Photographer

Daniel Peckham
daniel@tracinglight.com

I was born in Papua New Guinea, spent much of my early years in Southeast Asia, and have since traveled across the globe, though I currently live in Southern California. This multicultural background has shaped my life deeply and given me an appreciation for all cultures and places in this world.

My photography is often landscape and travel related, but extends to just about everything else, including my wife and two children. I'm always itching to get up early or stay out late for the next sunrise or sunset, or to jump on a plane to some faraway place to capture unseen beauty.